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ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VIII.—No. 363.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER'S COURSING CLUB.

"Poor Papa's latest crank is coursing. He says he cannot see why Colonel North, although an F.O.S., should have it all his own way. His idea is that Snatcher, properly trained, would be a good second to Fullerton any day in the week. Alexandry is very enthusiastic on the subject, too, but he fancies Toddles for the Juniper Cup. All Toddles wants is exercise and careful dieting. Pa and Alec are out early every morning in Battersea Park with the dogs. They don't have a hare; they seem to think the red herring preferable. The odds are slightly in favour of Snatcher."—TOOTSIE.

THE EDITOR'S STRATAGEM.



1. "I have here," said the mild mannered poet, entering the sanctum, "a little effusion which I—"
"Stay," said the editor, bent solely on escaping, "I will send someone to attend to you."



2. "Where does the editor of this libellous rag hang out?" thundered a brawny individual whom the editor met outside the door. "In there," said the wily scribe. The ruffian entered, and—



3. But the particulars are too harrowing. As the mutilated body of the poet was removed to Charing Cross Hospital, the editor concluded that even poets have their uses.

MEN OF BLOOD.

IN 1816 were brought to light several conspiracies of a most diabolical nature, recalling the cold blooded villainy of Jonathan Wild, who, on his way to death, was pelted with stones and mud.

It was proved to be an indubitable fact that, for ten years preceding the above date, miserable wretches were brought up session after session to be convicted of crimes which they had been enticed to commit by the very men who gave evidence against them, that they, the officers of the law, might get their blood money, amounting, in many cases, to forty pounds for each conviction. The discovery of this cruel system took place at the trial of three ignorant Irishmen, who were detected fabricating base shillings and bank tokens. During the investigation, certain circumstances came out that induced Sir Matthew Wood, the Lord Mayor, to suspect that the prosecutors, Brock, Pelham and Power, hangers-on of police officers, were in some way mixed up with the guilt of the prisoners. The Irishmen were convicted, but afterwards brought up as witnesses. At first, however, when confronted with their accusers, they refused to say a word, stating that they were "under an oath." But a priest having, with some difficulty, persuaded them that they were not bound by an oath administered unlawfully, they told all, and other witnesses appeared to substantiate their evidence.

A man, named Barry, swore that Pelham had applied to

him to get some men to make bad shillings, which Power was to colour. Barry, Brock and Power went to a place in Cheapside, where poor Irishmen met together, waiting for employment, and two of these simple fellows, who were half-starving, were engaged. They were told they could not be employed unless they were sworn to secrecy, and they took an oath on a piece of paper. A room and some tools were procured, and the Irishmen were set to work to cut brass into the form of shillings, and tokens, under the superintendence of Power. The third Irishman was then entrapped; but, seeing what they were at, he said, in Irish, to Barry, "We are doing a job that will hang us all," and shortly after this the police surprised and captured the three men at work. Pelham's landlady proved that the scissors used by them she had procured at his request, and the hammer and files were also traced to him. The conspirators were transported for life, and the three Irishmen pardoned; and the Lord Mayor, having interested himself in their behalf, a subscription was opened, and they were sent back to their own country and comfortably provided for.

About the same time that this exposure took place, a police officer, called George Vaughan, was found guilty, with some other hangers-on, of similar crimes, and at the trial of these atrocious wretches, many revolting circumstances came to light. Vaughan and two men, called Mackey and Brown, induced five youths, one aged only thirteen, to break into a house, so that by having them convicted, they might procure some two hundred pounds. A fellow of the name of Drake, who had been a lieutenant in the navy, was employed by the bloodhounds to arrange the "crack," and they, at the proper moment, came up and took the young dupes into custody. Vaughan's accomplices were each sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and he to be transported.

"I find it written, O Billious," murmured the Blue Blinker, "I find it written by Henry Fielding, Esquire, in his 'History of Jonathan Wild the Great,' that in the cart under Turnbuckle Tree, whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, etc., which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand."

"Look here, Alec," said Billiam, as he took up a half-brick . . .

(Next week, "Bogies.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

J. H. BAKER.—Don't be crusty, old chap; you will, doubtless, soon be fortunate.—F. J. S. (Hull).—You did not inclose stamps for return of your sketches, and they have been destroyed. Never mind, you haven't lost much.—ARTHUR BERBOCK.—Very kind of you, Arthur, but we're going to do without 'em.—WOULD-BE BOOKIE.—Verily it is easier to make a silk purse from a sow's ear than to manufacture a 'cute bookmaker from a mug.—E. F. ROBERTS.—Believe it not. The venomous tongue of scandal lirs foully.—TWO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.—A gallant action, but hardly describing the Silver Medal, we think.—ANTI-SALVATIONIST.—We cannot print your letter. The Old Man would be doing time for libel very soon after if we did.—J. FAULKNER (Barnes).—It is certainly a Kewerious and interesting coincidence, but we have no space to spare.—JESS.—From "The Spanish Armada."—L. JAMES.—No, you are not liable for the damage done.—HERBERT FOWLER.—Don't be rude, Herbert, or when you eventually receive the tisker you'll be so overcome by remorse that the consequences may be serious.—LITTLE WINNIE.—You write a very nice hand for a child of six. Are you quite sure you're not over the mystic age of seven?—CLARA WISE.—If you read the directions more carefully you'll be wiser, Clara.—S. DANBY (Sydenham).—All great men are eccentric. The Eminent is no exception.

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* * * The List will close TUESDAY, APRIL 11TH, 1891.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"WHAT'S up with Robinson?" asked Smith; he looks out of sorts. "Oh, he's suffering from an attack of nerves," replied Brown. "What! that great, strong fellow," said Smith; "he suffering from—?" "Oh, no," interrupted Brown; "it isn't he that's got 'em, it's his wife."

Gentleman (who is having a house built). Now, then, my man, what are you doing there, wasting your time?
British Working Man. Beg parding, sir, but I ain't wastin' my time.

Gentleman. Why, to my knowledge, you haven't done a stroke for the last three-quarters of an hour, for I've been watching you with my field glasses.

B. W. M. Yes, sir; but what I meant was, that it weren't my time, 'cos yer see, sir, I ain't on piecework; I'm paid by the hour.

HE kissed her on her rosy lip,
His arm was round her waist,
He said, "What nectar do I sip!"
She said, "My love, make haste."

"I LIKE to pick the May buds from the hedges? Oh, don't! just. As to the scratches, what do they matter? Why, I always keep my old postage stamps to cover them up with." That's a nice careful gal, isn't it? With a little pious fraud and acid to remove the ink from the Queen's head, why, she could praps be sent all the way home from Margate by parcels post, and thus save the railway fare.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Sharpshins!" said Mrs. Jones, "I want to apologize to you for my little boy George not saying 'How do do?' to you the other day, but he forgot himself, you know, he's so shy, and that's why he didn't recognize you." "Pray say no more, my dear madam," replied Sharpshins, smiling. "If he forgot himself, I cannot be surprised at his not remembering me."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 363.—The "Grasse" Costume.



An ancestor of the Eminent's firing a cannon at the Battle of All Bunkum.



Wiz a a, o, cheevey, Arkafowards, arkaforwards, Tantevee.



Seell. Pawtaw! Porter (hurrying up). Yes, sir. Coming, sir. Seell. May I—haw—throw this—haw—match on the pwatform?



The young lady of the period—or at least as she is depicted on the music hall stage.



The De Larkins have kindly lent Charlie an umbrella. When he puts it up he is sorry he borrowed it.

DEAR Tootsie, blushingest, darlingest of pretty ones! 'Tis the prettiest sight in the world playing the mother to her dear brothers and sisters! Such carefulness! Such forethought! As usual, no waste is her motto; yet some people are so ungrateful. "No, Tootsie," says her mother; "much as I admire the old man, I ain't a-going to have my Sunday-go-to-Greenwich bonnet trimmed with old we-kit lining for all the Slopers in the world, no more am I a-going to have any home made earrings out of his trousers' buttons when they've been nickered already, too, over all the blessed pavements by that dratted Alexandry—not me, my love! not this trot down the airy steps!"

"SWEET darling one,
Look not so shy;
Come, have a bun—
Come, come, come try."

"Oh, life is long
And time is short;
At Short's come in,
And have some port."

"Young man, I say,
You take your hook,
I'm no extra la-dy—
You're mistook."

"WELL," said Green, "now you've seen my mare 'Honeydew,' tell me honestly how do you think I shall do with her over the Oaks?" "Well, my boy," replied Oldstager, "you may do all right if—" "Yes, yes! If what?" asked Green, anxiously. "If the public Chews Tobacco. Ta ta, old man!"

SCENE—Opposite sides of Victoria Street, Westminster end.
"WELL! I am—What! 'Arry!" "Ulla-o!" "I thought you was shut u-up!"

I LIKE the sweet, shy, blue eyed, gushing sweet one who says, "I love all the animal creation, I don't think I could kill a worm." Hear her, though, when two minutes afterwards she sits down in the kitchen chair on the tame hedgehog—what eloquence! what tears of joyful love! what—but we will go no further.

It is currently reported (on the very worst possible authority) that an attempt will shortly be made to get SLOPER'S name upon the Civil List, in consideration of his eminent services to contemporary literature.

Would-be Wit (to Tottie Goodenough). Ah, Miss—er—Tottie—er—do the—er—birds in your—er—hat whistle?

Ally. No, old man, but the milliner who trusted her with the hat is likely to do so—when she asks for her money.

"Do you wear very rough clothes over in those African diamond fields?" "Why, rather. When I made my fortune and I got back home again, I couldn't sit comfortably in arm-chairs until I had had 'em all padded with nummeg-graters. Gospel truth this!"

"To leave my love, 't'is faith, 't'is hard
(Sad, sobbing, tearful means).
But mother's pattens in the yard
I hear upon the stones."

"Kiss, kiss once more! my heart's delight,
This parting must be quick,
For in her fist she's grasping tight
A yard of copper stick."

LAST week a well known inhabitant of Sloper's Island had his rabbits stolen. One of them happening to be ill and out of condition, the thieves left it behind, and fastened a piece of paper to the hutch, with the following written in pencil, "We'll come for this when he's fatter."

First Cockney. Is that a house?

Second Cockney. Yes; it's a ninn.

Third Cockney. No, it tain't; it's a notel.

AT one time or another every man comes to feel a want in life somewhere. It generally happens when he first misses a trousers button.

"I DON'T want to have nothin' to say to you, Maria Anne," said a Batters—a step-girl; "you're too ungenteel for me to 'soshiate with." "Ungenteel, indeed!" exclaimed the girl addressed. "Why, my fam'ly's ever so much better nor yourne! My father's on the railway, r'member, while yourne's on'y a bricklayer."

UGHT inordinate burners of tobacco to be compelled to swallow their own smoke?

"OLD 'Un, you were on last night, you know you were." ALLY smiled playfully. "Well, a little spring breezy—no more, dear boy, no more." Then the Mildewed Mac shook his head. "Well, if you weren't on, I don't see exactly why you need have cut off all the buttons that were left on that there coat of yours and begin chewing 'em for Osborne biscuits; but you always were such a woolfer, you two-eyed old 'Unsweetened 'pantechnicon."

SLOPER is dead!
Let's close his lovely eyes.
On orbits dread
A pair of mutton pies.

SLOPER is dead!
Oh, women, women, wail!
SLOPER's in bed,
That ever boozy male.

SLOPER is dead!
See lovely eyes so sunk;
But someone said,
"SLOPER is awfully—"

ail round my hat and a little over. To be tied in a bow."

THINGS have been going decidedly wrong in Mildew Court. SLOPER says, "I love my wife as a man should—there ain't a woman going who can handier twist a winkle out with a new hair-pin to decorate the bread and scrape of the olive branches—there ain't a woman, not Adelina Patti and Zeeo, bust up together, who could get more on a twice turned great-coat—still, I mean to be master in my house—that woman's not going to come the Mrs. Jackson over me, despite all the law judgments in the world." But then a sweet angel voice was heard singing outside: "SLOPER, you old 'Unsweetened 'packing swindler, if you don't come in this instant I'll let you know what for with a new flat-iron, while I jam you against the jack-towel." Such is the flat-iron-y of fate.

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture to be seen to one of the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," is an oil painting by ARTHUR HACKER, measuring 64 in. x 42 in., in a splendid gold frame, and entitled

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* * * This Picture is on View every day between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., except Saturdays, when the hours are 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

TOOTSIE AND SKIMPOLE.

WHEN Charles Dickens invented his character of Skimpole for *Bleak House*, Foster and Procter objected to its being too like Leigh Hunt, on which the author changed the Christian name from Leonard to Harold, and writing to Foster he said, "I have no right to give Hunt pain, and I am so bent upon not doing it that I wish you would look at all the proofs once more, and indicate any particular place in which you feel it particularly like. Whereupon I will alter that place." Foster, however, maintains that the character could not be mistaken, the only person acquainted with the original, and failing to recognize the copy being (a common case) the original himself, "but good natured friends in time told Hunt everything."



Roderick Heron: JOHN HARE.

Charles Dickens was also accused of founding Micawber on his father, whose flowery language truly much resembled the man whose Emma would never desert her liege lord. Many other characters he no doubt drew more or less from life, and in 1837 he wrote to Mr. Haines, a gentleman who then had the supervision over the police reports for the daily papers, "In my next number of *Oliver Twist* I must have a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be shown up. I have, as a necessary consequence, stumbled over Mr. Laing of Hutton Garden celebrity. I know the man's character perfectly well; but as it would be necessary to describe his personal appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, I have never done. In this dilemma, it occurred to me that perhaps I might, under your auspices, be smuggled into the Hutton Garden Office for a few moments some morning." Sure enough this was done, Mr. Laing (the Mr. Fang of *Oliver Twist*) was brought up before the novelist, and not long after removed from the bench by the Home Secretary.

But to return to Skimpole. I must confess that in the story I found there was rather too much of him, and greatly prefer the Skimpole with Pinero sauce, as he might be served up at the Garrick. As the new Skimpole, Mr. John Hare has a capital part, and such a cheery style has the old rascal got, it is hard not to like him during the first two acts, although in the third, when he monopolizes the dying girl's arm chair, and wolfs up her grapes and makes himself generally a horrid person, one's sympathy, as it were, is alienated.



Beatrice Brent: BEATRICE FERRAR. Sir Richard Philister: C. W. SOMERSET.

Mr. John Dickens, Charles Dickens' father, once said to a man who had been insisting somewhat obtrusively on dissenting and nonconformist superlatives:—"The Supreme Being must be an entirely different individual from what I have every reason to believe Him to be if He would care in the least for the society of your relations." I often wonder whether Poor Pa, some day, will become a great and good man—more holy—and less Skimpole. It's a dreadful thing to have shaky relations. And the relatives of some of the interesting persons in the new play of *Lady Bountiful* are trying in the extreme. For instance, there is Forbes Robertson, Skimpole's son, who is beloved by the somewhat bouncible Bountiful, otherwise Kate Rorke, who has to go for a riding-master at a West End Equestrian School, and there fall in love with, and marry, the master's daughter, who, after learning his former passion for Lady Bountiful, fades gently from the scene, leaving him to marry his first love, still, happily, single; though it must be allowed it is an uncommonly close shave, for she had got as far as the altar with another party more or less of her own choice.

Lady Bountiful is a very clever play, although it has not been received with unqualified praise. One thing in particular I have noticed objected to, which is the simplicity of the lively stable

keeper who goes broke. Now, personally (though but eighteen), I have known many lively stable keepers and riding masters go broke. It is not the atmosphere of stables that makes you 'cute. Quite the contrary; or why do so many otherwise well regulated girls run away with their Poor Pa's grooms—a thing I shall never do myself, by-the-by, for Poor Pa has not got a groom or a stable either, for the matter of that. The acting all through is capital. Miss Webster is grand as a slavey; Charles Groves, as hot and cold Veale, is also grand; Gilbert Hare is bright and fresh; C. W. Somerset is neat and gentlemanly; Carlotta Addison, as the grim aunt, scores well; and Trixy Ferrar is very nice, and so is Marie Linden; and Dolores Drummond acts cleverly. Well, go and see them, girls and boys.



Dennis Heron: FORBES ROBERTSON.

Camilla Brent: KATE RORKE.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

KEYLESS WATCHES

GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—

THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 11th, 1891.

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Occupation, if any.....

How many times applied.....

How long a Purchaser of
the "Half-Holiday".....

The List for this week will close on Tuesday evening next, April 11th. The List for April 11th will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for April 18th.

244th WEEK.

LIST FOR MARCH 28th.

"Sloper" Watches have been given to the following:—

1. ERNEST A. COPPERTHWAIT, Druggist, 11 Gray's Inn Buildings, Holborn. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—6 years, 1 month. LONDON.
2. A. B. POTTERTON, Clerk, Normanhurst, Cavendish Road, Clapham Park. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
3. J. P. CATTON, 12 Compton Street, Balls Pond. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
4. Mrs. PRIDGEON, Mable Thorpe. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—5 years, 8 months. (Near) ALFORD.
5. HENRY DOWNEY, Bootmaker, 3rd Hussars. Age, 44 years. Subscriber—since March, 1885. BALLINCOLLIG.
6. ELLEN EDWARDS, Shopkeeper, 86 Boughton. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—6 years. CHESTER.
7. BEATRICE TOPHAM, 9 High Street. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—since start. CLEATOR MOOR.
8. JAMES MAGUIRE, Bricklayer, 12 Great Clarence Street. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—6 years, 9 weeks. DUBLIN.
9. JAMES MATHIESON, Engineman, 51 Loches Road (door 44). Age, 23 years. Subscriber—6 years, 1 week. DUNDEE.
10. JOHN B. HNETT, Paperhanger, 26 Queen's Road. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—6 years, 31 weeks. EAST GRINSTEAD (Sussex).
11. ALFRED J. COOPER, Surveyor, Ordinance Survey. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—5 years, 6 months. HELMSLEY.
12. HENRY RAYNARD, Schoolmaster, etc., 45 Waterloo Street. Age, 70 years. Subscriber—5 years, 10 months. MARKET RASEN.
13. JOHN ALFRED EDWARDS, Boiler Smith, 26 Farrer Street. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—5 years, 35 weeks. MIDDLESBROUGH.
14. HENRY NAYLOR, Labourer, Chapel Lane, Crompton. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—6 years, 6 months. (Near) PRESCOT.
15. R. T. ASHTON, Machinist, 3 Alpha Street. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—5 years, 6 months. SLOUGH.
16. GOWLER HAYES, Hairdresser, High Street. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—since commencement. SOMERSHAM.
17. CHARLES BROWN, Labourer, 23 Mayo Street. Age, 48 years. Subscriber—6 years, 6 months. STOKE-ON-TRENT.
18. H. H. NEWTON, Shopkeeper, Crofton. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—6 years. WAKEFIELD.
19. GEORGE RICHINGS, Signalman, L. & N. W. Railway, High Heath, Pelsall. Age, 50 years. Subscriber—6 years, 6 weeks. (Near) WALSALL.
20. A. H. HATTON, Secretary, 1 Portland Villa, Pemberton. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—6 years. (Near) WIGAN.

GIRLS TO GET ON WITH.

No. 10.—THE GIRL WHO'S NOT ENGAGED.

I HATE the girl that gets engaged—
Her mind's so shocking narrow;
She might as well be caught and caged,
Like some old fussy sparrow,
For all the chance a fellow gets
Of treating her like other pets!

I met a girl the other day,
And when I tried to kiss her,
She pushed me, angrily, away—
The nasty, beastly fusser!
Oh, crumbs! a chap does get enraged
With girls who say they are engaged.

Some people seem to think it right,
And say it's "doing duty,"
For men to go about and plight
Their troths to every beauty,
No matter why or when or where.
I call it darned unfriendly—their!

The sorter girl that mashes me,
And answers to my squeezes,
Is she who's not engaged, but free
To do just what she pleases.

(The girls who get engaged, you know,
Are so abominably slow!)

There's Tottie Goodenough: she's prime!
She'll kiss and squeeze delightful!
Although, no doubt, in course of time
(The thought of it is frightful)
She'll go and plight her blooming troth,
And then she'll disremember both!

It grieves me very much indeed—
Beyond, I'll say, all measure—
To see this ever-growing greed
For such a vulgar pleasure.
It's such a silly thing to do—
Besides, it isn't even new!

—DON JUAN, JUNIOR.

VERY HARD LINES.

ONLY the other day a good and loving husband had the misfortune to lose his better half, and her relations, in kindness, gathered round him, and made all necessary arrangements for the funeral. On the morning of this sad event the sorrowing widower was told that he would have to take his mother-in-law in the first carriage, upon which he "jibbed" very perceptibly. On being pressed very hard, however, and told it was the correct thing to do, he resigned himself to his fate with the remark—

"Of course, if I must, I must, but it bally well spoils my day!"

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send this announcement, enclosed with a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST."

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Owing to the enormous number of letters received, Answers cannot be guaranteed within a month, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

LOVE'S REWARD.

SOME people don't like money. "It's not money we want, but love," they say. They wouldn't take a fiver if you offered them a tumbler to accept it.

"No, it's love we are after, not lucre."

It makes Dobbinson head the sick list whenever he hears that expression.

It is the memory of Barbara Borrowitt and the way she served him that makes Dobbinson sneer. "Love and not money, indeed! It's my opinion that they want one as much as the other, and that they want both badly!"

Barbara Borrowitt, in spite of the sordid associations connected with money, evinced, at the age of

seventeen, a singularly lively interest in the rearing of the oof-bird. Barbara, at this time, was governess to Lord Fitz-Rackett—or, rather, to his two children, a girl and a boy; and Henry Dobbinson was his lordship's secretary. Fitz-Rackett was a widower, his wife having been dead three years.

Dobbinson was madly in love with Barbara, and Barbara seemed more than inclined towards Dobbinson, so it was rather a nasty blow for the poor sec. when his noble master called him into his library one evening, and said, "Dobbinson, I've been speculating in mines, and I can't afford to keep you any longer. Here is your salary; good-bye," or words to that effect.

Dobbinson took a clerkship with a turf commission agent near the Waterloo Road. He had been there about a week, and was getting accustomed to his berth, when the boss died from excitement arising from a gigantic "pull," and left him (D.) the sole

proprietor of the swag.

Dobbinson saw his way now to make Barbara his wife, and he lost no time in seeking the girl out, and informing her how he had been left the rightful owner of his good master's fortune, and how he had come now to propose their early marriage.

Barbara Borrowitt was willing.

"But, look here," she said, smiting the table and the palm of her hand with the air of a business man, "if I'm to marry you, you must do one

thing." "Certainly, by all means!" broke in Dobbinson. "You've come in for £250,000. Well, you are going to settle £150,000 on me, in my maiden name, to-morrow, as a guarantee of good faith, or it's all over between us."

Dobbinson, if he had been anyone else but Dobbinson would have told her to join the circles of "Dante's Inferno," and enter upon a term of eternal hard labour; but Dobbinson was Dobbinson, and so he did as she wished.

A fortnight after this little settlement was completed, Dobbinson called at the house of Lord Fitz-Rackett, and asked to see Barbara Borrowitt. "Her ladyship is not in. They started for the Continent last Toosday," said the man who opened the door, and who was in charge of the house.

"They? What do you mean by they?"

"Why, Lord and Lady Fitz-Rackett, to be sure! 'Is lordship seems to have come in for a lot of money somehow, 'cos I 'eard 'im say to my lady

t'other day—

she as was known as Barbara Borrowitt afore 'e married her—I 'eard 'im say,

'There ain't no need to draw in no longer; I votes we cuts a dash on the Continent.'

And so they cuts it on Toosday."

Dobbinson, in a paroxysm of bad language, took a cab home and shocked the parrot.

He has passed the swearing stage of his grief now, and cooled down somewhat; but the parrot says it's getting awfully tired of hearing him say

to himself, whenever he takes a photo of a girl from a drawer in his writing-table, and looks hard at it—"Some people don't like money. You, for instance, detest it. I suppose that's why you've got rid of it so quickly! But you don't have me again!"



"Her ladyship is not in."



BEAUTIFUL LONDON.
Design for proposed equestrian statue, in marble, of the Friend of Man, to be placed in the open space in Piccadilly Circus.



SUCCESS.
Fogead makes frantic efforts to catch the last train and succeeds in doing so.



Plumber. There ain't no leak 'ere, mum.
Housekeeper. No, my good man; but there's onion.
[Collapse of plumber, who has recently partaken of the savoury root.]



"I'm in love, dear—yes, actually in love, and with our footman, too; if it was not for being betrothed to Lord B., I would—well, dear, there may yet be an elopement."—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

•• Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



[No. 177.—Miss JEANIE BURGOWNE.

"It is my fondest wish to call her mine." —*The Dook Snook.*
"My life would be a hopeless blank without her." —*Lord Bob.*
"I cannot rest till I have told my passion." —*The Hon. Billy.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—ZÆO.



(1). The cabman set A. SLOPER down at the Oxford, and A. SLOPER was proceeding to set the cabman down for wanting to charge sixpence over and above the fare, when the populace cried "Yar! yer harminated light'us, why don't yer pay the man?" But as the Eminent said he wouldn't on principle, cabby proceeded to pay him. When A. SLOPER rose from the ground, he discovered that one of his eyes was several shades darker than nature's tint. —(2). "A pretty thing to appear before a lady with a black eye!" said he to his friend Wieland. "If you come behind," said that gentleman, "I'll touch it up with a little grease paint." 'Twas done, and soon A. SLOPER was introduced to the beautiful Zæo. "I hope," said she, anxiously, to her fosterfather, Mr. Wieland, "Mr. SLOPER is not a member of the London County

Council!" "My dear young lady, you may set your mind at rest on that point. No, not at present; although I have had serious thoughts of joining that body as a supporter of my friend Harris, in point of fact, when occasion requires, to back him up." At the word "back" Zæo shuddered. —(3). And involuntarily A. SLOPER glanced at her alabaster shoulders. Immediately Mr. Wieland blew a prompter's whistle, and the next moment the Mouldy One found himself in the grasp of several detectives; but after swearing upon his sacred sivvy he was not a L.C.C. spy, he was escorted round to the front of the house. —(4). And there sat entranced while Zæo went through her graceful performance. —(5). That night he dreamt he was doing likewise, the bally old idiot! It was evidently a bad attack of the nightmare.

McNAB'S SLUMBER.



(1). The Elder had evidently been asleep some time, when McFarritch came suddenly upon him. "Deed, deed! the Elder is defunct at last!"

(2). "Aw! let ye see whuther awm defunctit or no, ye galloping wheel, disturbing a man's peaceful slumber."



Collaring the Cad.



Nominal Value.



"I've got my eye on you"



A. CABBINET. CRISIS.



Playing at Soldiers.



Good for Evil.



Peter Symonds' Charity.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! The finest show in the fair—all novelties and no extra charge! No crushing there, please; one at a time.—These roughs on furious riding bent, Should get some heavy punishment.—A seventeen thousand dollar hat, A very costly present that:—Our friends the Fenians, so it seems, Are once more busy with their schemes.—The London cabbies here we see, Assembled 'neath Reformers' Tree:—Easter manoeuvres now are over, The volunteers have

all left Dover:—In spite of the McKinley Act, Lord Salisbury's move shows friendly tact:—The Bluecoat youngsters, as we see, Partake of Symonds' charity.—There you are—that's a decent enough entertainment, I fancy, and I defy the world to beat it at the price. Now run away and make room for the next batch, please, and if you've any gratitude in your natures, recommend all your friends and relations to pay a visit to—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



SIGNIFICANT SIGNS.
(SCENE—In the Row.)

Miss Millie. I really think Harry is getting ready to propose.
Miss Tottie. What makes you think so?
Miss Millie. Last evening he asked if pa is doing well in business. When I told him pa was getting very rich, he put his arm around me, and called me his golden hope.



CUTTING.

Miss Niccigirl. You appear to find it very warm this evening, Mr. Jollyboy; are you sure dancing is not too violent an exercise for you to indulge in?
Jollyboy. Oh, no; I'm very fond of dancing; it's the only thing that keeps me from getting stout.
Miss Niccigirl. Then I presume you haven't indulged in the exercise lately, Mr. Jollyboy?



HIS COMPLAINT.

She. You don't look well, Mr. Guzzler. What ails you?
He. I suffer from consumption, Miss Goodheart.
She (in astonishment). Consumption!
He. Yes; but only at meal times, thank goodness!



TRULY PATRIOTIC.

Candidate. Yes, gentlemen, I have shed all my blood for my country before, and I am ready to do it again if need be!
Voice from Crowd. Bravo, guv'nor! let's see a drop of it now, as you seem to have such a jolly lot of it knocking about.



OVERHEARD IN THE STRAND.

Smith. Have you seen me as Hamlet, my boy?
Jones. Yes, by Jove! And you really had a run on it, eh? There, it's just as I thought! I always told everyone you'd make a fortune at the comic business!
[Now they never speak as they pass by.]

ALLY-CAMPANE.

A NICE GAME!

THE Eminent hastens to quiet the public mind on the subject of the recent high play at Monte Carlo. He regrets to say he is not the famous visitor who has been so successful in breaking the Bank, and who finally retired with an average amount of dignity to enjoy himself on the two hundred and fifty thousand francs he had won. No such luck for A. SLOPER! The Mildewed One, when Monte Carloish inclined, has to content himself with a game of Beggar-My-Neighbour with Alex-



andry for a half-pint of Barcelonys, his mind constantly racked with the painful fact that to enable you to compete for his £1,000 Prize, you must show SLOPER that you have bought his paper for six months. Therefore, commencing with "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" for January 3rd, 1891, cut out the first paragraph in "ALLY-CAMPANE" from each week's paper, and keep the cuttings by you until June 27th, 1891, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then add two lines to complete the following Nursery Rhyme:—

There was an old Fossil named SLOPER,

He fell down the stairs,

That unfortunate, fruity, old SLOPER!

The dotted lines have to be filled in, and the first and second, and third and fourth lines must rhyme. Write the Rhyme out on a piece of paper, with your name and address at the top, and post it, with the twenty-six cuttings, as soon after June 27th as you can, to "Sloper's £1,000 Competition." Don't post the Rhyme or any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing January 3rd, 1891, and ending June 27th, 1891. To the writer of the best Rhyme will be awarded £1,000. A. SLOPER, ever thoughtful, keeps Back Numbers in stock.

A. SLOPER's last jamboree before breaking up for the Easter Holidays took place on Wednesday evening, March 25th, when he and other shining lights crawled in to the Alma Music Hall, Alma Street, New North Road. The reception and entertainment were both highly gratifying to the Eminent, and helped, now and again, to divert his mind from the indisputable fact that it was Quarter-day, and that unless every portal in Mildew Court was kept well guarded during his absence, an entrance might be effected by the enemy. Fortunately, on his return, as he passed the postern gate, with his boots off, the voice of the recumbent sentry, Sergeant McGoochlick, answered, "Or-rightish, guv'nor (hic)."

THE MOST FREQUENTLY-KICKED-OUT-MAN-IN-EUROPE has this day conferred the "Sloper Award of Merit" upon Mr. WALTER GILBEY, because he has maintained the supremacy of the English Horse. "And given us good drink at moderish cosht."—Note by Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

SUCH good business has and is being done with the *English Rose* at the Adelphi Theatre, that Messrs. Gatti have commissioned Sims and Buchanan to collaborate in another drama for that theatre.

THE Globe Theatre was the other night the scene of a most successful revival of Mr. J. W. Pigott's three act comedy, *The Bookmaker*, with the versatile Harry Fawcett in the title rôle. All that careful preparation could do for the work was done, and the result was a decidedly more equal and spirited interpretation than either of the two previous productions. It is a very unequal play, and a somewhat improbable one, too, but we must not cavil at that. A bookmaker who scatters his thousands about as this one does, who makes everyone with whom he comes in contact so supremely happy, unties Gordian knots, solves difficulties, and lays odds so much over the market price, is too rare a specimen of the genus not to be thankful for. Go to the Globe, everybody; there's plenty of enjoyment, lots of laughter, and even a few tears to be got out of *The Bookmaker*, which bids fair to enjoy a profitable run.



NATURAL gas is said to have been discovered in Cleveland, and Yorkshiremen are making a fuss therent. But is there anything wonderful in the discovery? It has always been our opinion that natural gas was to be found in nearly every city, town and village in England, and, what is more, in large quantities.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

PERHAPS nothing was more calculated to impress the observant spectator at any of the recent Covent Garden Balls than the immense number of individuals of both sexes who were arrayed in costumes for which their age, height and appearance wholly unsuited them. A Mephisto costume is an excellent one, but a Mephisto at 16st. 7lb. is as great an absurdity as a Richard Cœur de Lion of 5ft. 1in. We want a Nell Gwynne a little under fifty, and we like to see Irish peasant girls, and shepherdesses, and Boulogne fisher maids with something neat and symmetrical in the way of ankles, but in the majority of cases—we didn't.

HERE'S merry spring-time approaching and we haven't cleared up the "Christmas Appeal." Were it not that we are having heavy snowstorms all over the country, the mere mention of the word Christmas would seem a downright insult to the lambs who, with mint sauce accompaniment and awful colds in their heads, are endeavouring to gambol in the fields. Joking apart, the fag end of that £350 is taking a rare lot of drumming up. By-the-way, Alexandry has just made a very munificent offer: he so emnly promises from this day forth to double the smallest subscription sent in each week from outsiders. His offer has been readily accepted, and he's been bowled out for fourpence to start with.

OUR readers will be petrified when they hear that the beautifully decorated Canoe in which A. SLOPER endeavoured to cross the "Channel a few years back, and in which he nearly met with a watery grave off Greenwich, has been presented to Mr. Bona, of the "Caversham Bridge Hotel." It is the genial Bona's intention to let the inhabitants of Reading and the neighbouring towns have the use of the canoe free of all charge—in fact he is going to keep it *Pro Bona Publico*, so to speak.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" have been presented to Miss A. E. BALLS, care of Mrs. London, Thorofall, Halesworth, Suffolk, for the correct answer to the following riddle:—"Why is SLOPER's head like an Easter egg?" "Because it is full of Gifts."

THE Newfoundland Fisheries question seems to be agitating the minds of a certain class of the community to an almost laughable degree. If we are to believe the opinions freely expressed by this section of the public, France and England are in immediate danger of entering into a bloody war—a war unequalled in the annals of either nation, and which can only end in the extermination of one of the countries as a power. Of course these alarmist views are simply preposterous, and should be treated with the contempt they deserve. By-the-by, the Eminent was once on very intimate terms with a sweet little Newfoundland fisheress, and a great impression was made on his heart and, indeed, on his face by this charming maiden. It is to the latter impression that the pair owe their estrangement. "If the French are obstreperous, confront 'em with a Newfoundland fisher girl—nothing else is required." This is the opinion of A. SLOPER.

AN American paper informs us that the great Ellen Terry is taking lessons in dancing from bright, lithesome Sylvia Gray. Can this be possible? If so, we may soon see the position of the two actresses reversed—viz., Sylvia Gray playing leading lady at the Lyceum while the gay Ellen delights the hearts of the Gaiety mashers with her graceful dancing.

A MOHAMMEDAN lady, with the euphonious cognomen of Kut-lojarooff-Hanunn, has just obtained a doctor's diploma at the University of Odessa, and will now be allowed to reduce the population without fear of the consequences. A woman with a name so like Cut-the-jaw-off couldn't have adopted any other profession, could she?

MR. GROSSMITH'S "Cautious Lover," who, before yielding to Cupid's fatal dart, expressed his anxiety to know if his lady love's complexion, tresses and other attributes to feminine loveliness "came off at night," is not by any means a rarity. No man likes to see his newly made bride hang her golden locks over a chair back, unscrew a cork leg, or place her teeth away for the night in a tumbler of water. He naturally feels that he has been dragged into partnership in the artificial limb line under false pretences. With regard to teeth, however, his sensibilities will now be in no danger of receiving a shock, for a Moscow dentist has discovered a method of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Rejoice, ye fair, and be exceeding glad.

THE Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy are saying their prayers regularly every night before going to bed, because the portrait by Bartolozzi von Chiaroscuro, of SLOPER's ancestor, Hubert Shiftero Chirgwin Sloper, who was unintentionally smothered by a fat aunt in the reign of George IV., has been placed in the Pantry at "The Sloperies." Mr. H. Hunt says it's not his conception of high art by a very long way.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 18TH, 1891.

12th April, 1765.—Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," died this day. "Narcissa" was his step-daughter, and it is said was buried at midnight in the Botanical Gardens at Montpellier, to which Young brought the dead body on his shoulders, after persuading an old gatekeeper to assist him, Christian burial being denied to Protestants.

13th April, 1857.—This day, in the *Times*, appears a comparison between the size of Noah's Ark and the *Great Eastern*, the Biblical cubit being reckoned by Sir Isaac Newton 20.625 inches:

	Ark.	Great Eastern.
Length between perpendiculars	English feet. 515-62	English feet. 680-0
Breadth	85-94	83-0
Depth	51-56	60-0
Keel, or length for tonnage	464-08	630-2
Tonnage, according to old law	18,231 58-94	22,092 25-94

14th April, 1760.—In the *Annual Register*, July, 1761, we read:—"At Chateauroux, near Embrun, there is a boy about thirteen years of age, whose name is William Gay, and who, if we may believe a number of persons, has neither ate nor drank anything since the above date. His mouth has a little tincture of vermilion, a pale red overspreads his cheeks, and he has a smiling countenance. Since he has ceased eating and drinking, he has had the small pox very violently, which has not in the least impaired his constitution."

15th April, 1865.—Mr. Bancroft made his first London appearance this day at the Prince of Wales' Theatre as Jack Crawley in *A Winning Hazard*.

16th April, 1888.—The profligate Duke of Buckingham died this day. Pope thus describes the last scene of his life at a tenant's house at Kirby Moor Side:

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tapestried curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies."

17th April, 1835.—William Henry Ireland, author of the Shakespeare forgeries, died this day in great poverty. He first, as a lawyer's clerk, forged several old deeds and letters in Shakespeare's name, and, the enthusiasm produced being so great, then pretended to discover an entire play, *Fortigern*, which was produced by Kemble and was damned.

18th April, 1828.—In the city of Cork criminal court it is this day stated it was given in evidence that an affidavit or alibi witness could be had in Cork for 7s. 6d. each!!!

OUR LADIES' CORNER.

WE think it would be only reasonable were we to give a few Household Hints on Brightening up the Home. Here they are. A pretty ornament for a window sash is an old hat. Ram in up to the brim and trim with Hamburg edging. A cheap and dresy bedroom curtain is made by pinning up an old shirt by the sleeves. An inexpensive and improved tidy is made from an old dishcloth. Trim with tarred rope, and ornament with rosettes of County Court summonses. Then attach a sockdologer fish hook at the top, and the guest will carry the article to his next calling place hitched to his coat collar in the usual way. A lovely toilet cushion can be evolved from a large white turnip. Trim with Houton lace, brass bugles and passementerie, fluted up the back and gored in the centre with a polonaise of gummy bagging and a demi grain of crash towelling, cut pompadour. This will make a simple but tasteful addition to the toilet table.

A PATERNAL SOLILOQUY.

WHEN the poor jaded journalist reached home that evening he had to ring the front bell three times for admittance. Thoughts that "the worst" had happened flashed across his wearied brain, and the appearance of an adipose female surrounded by an odour of gin confirmed his suspicions.

"What is it, nurse?" he asked.
"Oh, a beautiful boy, sir," she replied; "an' the very livin' image of yer."

Anon he mounted the creaking stairs and gazed upon his son and heir. Careworn was he, for they had tapped him for his last bit of silver for a yard of flannel.

"Ah, well," he soliloquized, in a dazed kind of way, as he gazed at the fourteen pound youngster, "if you get thinking, you fat rascal, that you've been born into a wealthy family, you'll find yourself devilishly mistaken!"

ABSENT-MINDED.

"It wasn't that," said the hoarse and indignant voice of the man with half a whisker on one cheek and a piece of sticking-plaster on his nose; "I never said a word to give myself away."

"Then how did she find out?" asked the clerical looking party with the dirty white tie and the churchwarden pipe.

"Why, I went home," answered the wounded warrior, "and she asked if it was me. Told her 'yes'—took the chance about it being some other fellow. Then she asked if I'd been drinking. Told her 'no,' and there I stopped. Never said another word."

"But she must have got some clue?" interposed the gentleman with the cable watchchain, but no collar.

"Well, p'raps it was a little blunder o' mine, for when I was gettin' into bed I 'ung my nightshirt up in the wardrobe an' put on my overcoat—that might have 'roused her suspicion!"

A NEW INDUSTRY.

THE latest way to get rich is to start a market garden out Fulham way with about fifteen shillingsworth of onions in it and a crop of cabbages, having carefully reconnoitered the neighbourhood and found out that most of your neighbours—who will be Irish—keep goats. A four-foot paling is a thing of joy to a goat, and the market price is only about fifteenpence a foot. Then sit at the window, in company with a cheap lawyer and a pile of blank summonses, and note every goat that comes into the garden. It is true that you can only sue for a tinner damages on every ha'orth of garden truck devoured, but it pays. The only trouble is that no one in Fulham who ever kept a goat was known to be solvent, or to have anything in the world besides the goat. This is the only drawback to the success of the scheme.

ALLY SLOPER'S FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who shall happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom, PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" be found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published throughout the United Kingdom every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 8 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

A SONG OF SLUMBER.

[Professor Huxley is of opinion that most of us take too little sleep. The other Sage, SLOPER, says ditto to Huxley.]



MR. HUXLEY, who's a shrewd old sage, declares that in this whirling age we oftentimes get far too little sleep; He says our sleep should be increased By two more hours per night at least, If our bodily and mental health we'd keep. Now this seems, even to the dense, A tip that seems with common sense—

Yea, 'tis counsel of great value, though 'tis cheap. So SLOPER hopes that you, like him, Will now—to keep yourself in trim, Go in for an increased amount of sleep. The rate at which we rush through life Conduces to increase our strife, And sends us still more swiftly down Life's steep. If you would really taste health's balm, Just cultivate Content and Calm, And don't butt your heads 'gainst Fate, like foolish sleep. Come, adopt Professor Huxley's views, And always have your proper snooze, If fair Hygeia's harvest you would reap. In short, O, readers mine, if you Your brain and body would renew, Take your full amount of SLOPER—and of Sleep!

HINTS TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A PHOTOGRAPHER having lately written to one of the daily papers, complaining of the difficulties he experiences in obtaining people's true expression in consequence of the artificial "mugs" they put on, ALLY SLOPER begs to offer him the following hints—Just before exposing the plate, if your sitter is a Press man, ask him what he will have. If a young lady, mention the lovely hat to be seen at Madame Celeste's. If an old lady, invent an interesting detail appertaining to the latest divorce case. If an elderly gentleman, introduce the subject of the pretty girls at the Friv. If a stockbroker, talk about the rise in Brighton As, or American Bs, or Canadian Cs, and so on, according to the nature of the animal.

SLOPER'S PRESENTS.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what you are in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT.

"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

** Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 11th, 1891.

Name

Address

Want

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

219th WEEK.

LIST FOR MARCH 28th.

The following "Presents" have been made:—

1. ISABEL GRAY, 117 Scottwood Road, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. A KNIFE-CLEANING MACHINE.
2. ALF. COOKE, JUNR., Westwood Hall, LEEDS. A RIDING WHIP.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Tootsie undertakes to forward, unopened and post-free, all letters received in reply to the advertisements. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



ADA (Aged 22).

SWEETHEART, aged 20, medium height, dark brown hair, blue eyes, good tempered, loving disposition, would like to correspond with gentleman, age 21 to 40, either dark or fair, any height from 5 feet 8 inches to 6 feet 1 1/2 inch; milkops, cork legs and beards objected to; photo required. Address—"SWEETHEART," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

A N.C.O. in Royal Artillery, who is tall and good-looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady with view to matrimony: age, between 18 and 25; tall, good looking, and one who is fond of music preferred. Photos will be honourably returned. Address—"ARTHUR," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

NELLIE, aged 20, light complexion, dark brown eyes, considered pretty, rather tall, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a tall, dark, good looking gentleman, age 23. Please return photo. Address—"NELLIE," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

TOM, aged 24, tall and dark, in very good commercial position, very affectionate, is anxious to meet with young lady about 20, medium height preferred, with matrimonial intentions. Photos desired, which will be exchanged or returned. Address—"TOM," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

BELL, aged 31, medium height, good looking, and with a little money (housekeeper in gentleman's family), would like to correspond with a good, sensible man in fair position, with a view to matrimony. Inclose photo, which will be returned if desired. Address—"BELL," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

HERBERT, aged 22, well educated, musical, holding a good position, and residing in Manchester, desires to correspond with young lady about same age—must be good looking and of good position—with a view to matrimony. Please inclose photo (in confidence), which will be returned or exchanged. Address—"HERBERT," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

SOBERSIDES SOCIETY, 1 CHATHAM STREET, DUBLIN, March 24th, 1891.

SIR,—I am directed by the above society, which has been established to socially and morally regenerate its members, to inclose you a copy of a Motion discussed at the 19th General Meeting, as also your card of membership, with copies of Rules VI. and XVI. The society is a "debating club formed on original lines," and the members would be much gratified by your complying with Rule XVI. I will deem it a pleasure to bring forward any amusing resolution or motion you may send to me. [COPY.]—Motion of March 10th, 1891.—"Hon. Treasurer to move that Mr. A. SLOPER, of London, F.O.M., be elected an Hon. Member of this Society, as he has up to this made the longest strides towards socially and morally regenerating all who come within the focus of his nasal beacon, and copies of this motion, and Rules VI. and XVI., to be transmitted to the F.O.M. Seconded by Soberides Shackleton. Carried Unanimously." Copy Rule VI.: "Members shall be privileged to use the letters A.S.S. to denote that they are members or associates of the Soberides Society. They shall be respectful in demeanour, cleanly in their habits, submissive to fines when imposed, truthful when questioned, and shall be known as Soberides." Rule XVI.:—"Each Member will be bound to submit at least one practical Resolution which will tend to the social or moral improvement of the Members, or afford the society amusement in some particular way."

I am, your obedient servant, N. A. MORROW.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 56.—HE BECOMES MR. NOBODY OF NOWHERE.

AT 6 A.M. on April Sixth, Sir Population came in headlong haste to Spring-set House, with brow and cheeks aflame. For Census schedules now would solve that mystery sublime Which hung around the Wrackful Wreck of Prehistoric Time. Yes, good Sir Pop. (the Registrar) was censusing the Isle That he might learn the pedigree of our Mysterious File: His "Name," "Sex," "Occupation," "Age," "If Imbecile in Mind," 'Twas SLOPER's census he required—the rest was all a blind! And hour on weary hour flew by, till Tuesday came and went, While still o'er myriad scheduled forms the Census-censor bent. And form on countless form he scanned, and in a basket placed, For, since they bore not SLOPER's name, he treated them as waste. And aye and oft he stretched his arm to where, behind his back, Stood his accustomed "drop of short" in its accustomed rack. But still, though something short he had, he yearned for something short,

The Census of that Slippery Snail—the Worm of Mildew Court!

At 8 A.M. on April Eighth, the Number-snatcher rize, He'd censused Britain all in vain and deep distress was his. Cold chills ran down his nose and cheeks, hot tears ran down his back:

No SLOPER's name was on those sheets, no liquor in that rack. And, as he fled in wild despair, the Griffin heard him squeal, "What! have those idiots failed again to seize the Slippery Eel? 'Tis now too late, else I had tramped throughout the British Isles To buttonhole this Blighted Blur and circumvent his wiles!"

Sir Population scarce had passed the portal when a change Came o'er that bottle bearing rack—a transmutation strange. It turned its face—that wondrous rack!—its eyes began to blink, It wunk upon that empty chair a prehistoric wink. It stretched its hand—that weirdly rack!—and grabbed the bottle's neck:

It stood revealed—that wizard rack!—the PREHISTORIC WRECK! And, while it filled its pockets full of office *bric-a-brac*. It spake, that Riffraff Wrathful Wreck, that Resurrected Rack.

"Gadzooks! I know'd you'd find me out unless I struck a pose Like what we potes calls statuesque right underneath your nose. But, blimey! ain't it hard to go three days without a crust, An' when I fetches Mildew Court, oh! won't I have a bust? Odsdeath! how 'cute I faked my coat to make it like a rack, An' how you sniffed an' smacked your lips to get such high old tack. But, though you ain't left nary drop, I don't begrudge the loss: You ain't got SLOPER's name and age, not up to date, old hoss!"

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

** Subscribers of not less than Five Shillings will receive (post-free) a Cabinet size Photograph of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED LAST WEEK, £343 8s. 3 1/2d.

"FELLO FELING," 5s.; A. G. PERRY, 8d.; F. C. DROFFORD, 1s.; "A.B.C.," 6d.; "THE RUNNING MAN," 6d.; "JUBILEE JUGGINS," 3d.; IKY MO, 3d.; "PITCH AND TOSS," 4d.; "SOLO WHIST," 2d.; "SLOPERIUS," 6d.; Master ALEXANDRY SLOPER, 4d.; ALLY SLOPER, Esq., 10s.

Making a total received up to March 31st, 1891—£344 7s. 9 1/2d.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

THEY met and they kissed in the mellow moonlight By the graves where their fathers were sleeping. The marbles around them were spectrally white, And the ivy was awfully creeping. They whispered the whispers of love for an hour, And they recked not that, far from their vision, A black-boding owl sat up in the tower Where he hooted and whooped in derision!

They met once again in the mellow moonlight, And sad, sad was the sound of their grieving. Their meeting was parting: the amorous knight For a time his fair lady was leaving. And dark was the future, yet bonnie and bright Rose a future beyond on their vision: And still the black owl looked down through the night, And he hooted and whooped in derision!

She moaned 'mid the mounds in the mellow moonlight, For her false, faithless lover was keeping His tryst with another fair maiden that night, And sad, sad was the sound of her weeping. Poor Jennie had lived in the dream of her love, It was death to be roused from her vision: And still the black owl looked down from above, And he hooted and whooped in derision!

HE WOULD RENDER A SERVICE.

SOME fellow, over in America, made a girl laugh so heartily the other day that she dislocated her jawbone, and "mirth was turned to melancholy" until the doctor came and rendered the necessary assistance. If that fellow could only work the trick on a married woman as well as a girl, wouldn't he be invaluable over here? N.B.—A woman with a dislocated jaw cannot talk.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

HANDY way of naming two of Sullivan's operas in a breath—Ivan Yeoman of the Guard. SMALL FRY—A twopenny packet of cocoa. Q. Distinguish between SLOPER's jokes and SLOPER's milkman's milk. A. Creamy—not creamy. THE most suitable actress for a mysterious drama—She who is herself a mys-Terrv. SLOPER'S ADVANCE GUARD—His nose. THE LATEST EDITION of the Echo—The phonograph. THE easiest way of seeing the Grand Old Man—Take the 'bus to the "Angel" at Islington, old man, and ask for the nearest theatre.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

OLD MARTIN'S MYSTERY.

THE STORY OF A FLEET STREET GHOUL'S GOODNESS.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

THE four husbands, also arrayed in grief stricken garments, were away disposing of Old Martin's remains in the family place of interment, and it had been arranged that they would call at the chambers of Messrs. Archer and Frog on their return journey from the pleasing duty, and claim the document which had been deposited with them.

The head of the house took his seat at the head of the table, and drawing four clean tumblers towards him, he filled up four glasses of gin. As he did so, it was noticeable that his hand trembled. As each of the other three lifted the tumblers to their heads and shot the contents into their wine cellars, it was observable that their hands trembled also.

Then the head of the house deliberately lifted the envelope and read the endorsement:—

"To be delivered on the day of my funeral to the person in whose house I may die, on production of registrar's certificate. J. MARTIN."

He looked round upon his audience, and said—"You all admit that I am the proper person to open this here dockment?" The strained situation was too much for speech—they merely bowed.

"Then I therefore, as also and likewise," said the head of the house, maintaining the judicial idea, "do hereby insert the point of this penknife into the envelope, and cut it across. I then draw out this dockment before you all, to show that there is no deception. I unfold the dockment, and find some writing on it. I proceed to read the—BLAZES!"

Seven breathless and excited voices yelled—"Is it money?" "Money!"

was the scornful reply. "All that is written on this blessed sheet of paper is the words:—

"DO NOT GIVE AWAY YOUR BED TILL YOUR COFFIN IS READY!"

Seven voices unanimously said, "Oh!" Eight people then drew a long breath, and remarked:—"The hoary headed old villain!"

Then two female voices said, simultaneously, "I told you so."

And two other female voices sniffed, and said, "Oh, did you?"

Four men glared at one another, and the individual with the leanings to the legal profession asked, "Who's to pay the funeral expenses?"

And three men remarked that "the person who opened the document might do it."

The man who had done so said "he'd be somethinged if he would!"

The subsequent proceedings were characterised by much secular language.

Jack Spence is no longer a Ghoul, and a six-barrelled murder has now no charms for him. He has risen in his profession, has the

entrée of the lobby of the House of Commons, and is special London correspondent for four provincial dailies. Two of these are Conservative and two are Liberal. The readers of the former believe that Lord Salisbury never has a cold without sending for Jack to hear him sneeze; and the readers of the Liberal papers have an idea that the Grand Old Man never cuts down a tree without having Jack present to scoop up the chips.

Certainly Jack has collected the "chips" to some purpose, and is now a bit of a swell. But though he is a swell, he never forgets he was once a Fleet Street Ghoul.

THE END.

His Familiar Friends.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 198.—MR. JOHN ROBERTS, F.O.S.

"Descended from a race of philosophers, it was originally the intention of the Roberts family to run their son John as a kind of second Diogenes, and, with this idea, a large and well ventilated tub was obtained, on the three years' hire system, to be used as a kind of dwelling for the youthful John; but the Fates ordained it otherwise, for one look at the abode intended for him was quite sufficient for our hero. In vain was it for the elder Roberts to attempt to persuade the lad to enter the tub. Threats were likewise of no avail, and the end of it was that John departed from his parents' home with more kicks than ha'pence. We next hear of our hero as a sort of friend in need to everyone in distress—in other words, John had engaged himself as assistant to a well known pawnbroker, and it was in this business that he first obtained an insight into that profession which, during late years, has brought him so much honour and money. It seems that John was never happier than when amusing himself with the three brass balls which adorned the exterior of his master's premises, and, in fact, invented a game in which the cleverness with which he manipulated these balls gained for him the rapturous applause of his fellow assistants. A few years later, our hero weighed into the billiard world, and soon astonished the whole civilized world with his marvellous play. Chiefly because he is the Champion billiard player of the world, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him December 11th, 1886."—*Debrett's Improvement*.



A most effective and inexpensive birthday present for a mother-in-law.



CORN EXTRACTED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.



FULL OUTSIDE.

MIXED RELATIONS.



Fred. Who's the lady, Ted, she seems to know you?
 Ted. Know me? Rather! Why, she was once my wife, and now she's my daughter.
 Fred. Once your wife and now your daughter? What the deuce do you mean?
 Ted. What I say, my boy. She was my wife, but obtained a divorce; I then married her mother.

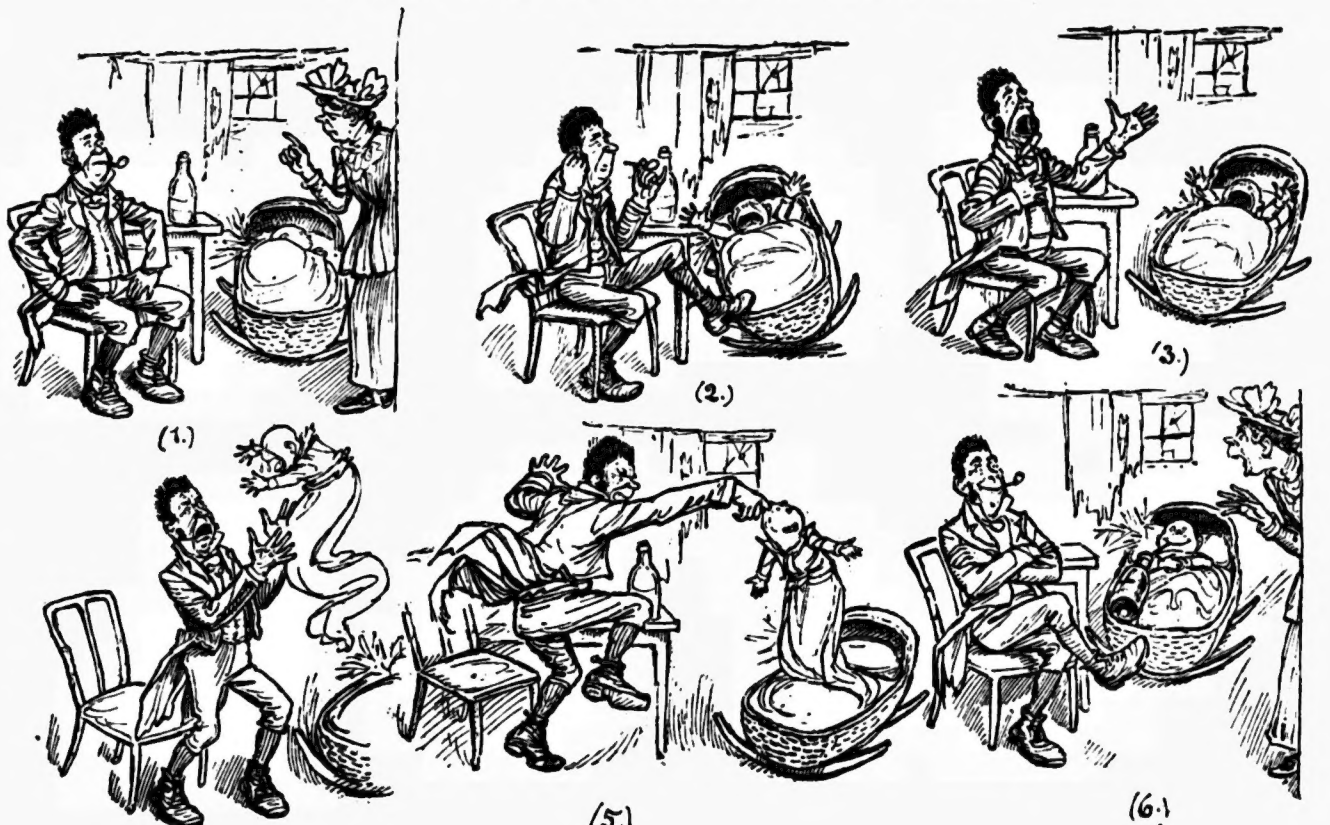


HE OBJECTED.
 "Yer see, miss, he ain't used to ridin' in this unaccustomed fashion."



"Goodness gracious! I thought it was the voice of my poor dear husband who died thirty years ago in India."

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.



(1). Mrs. Rooney. "Ye'll kape yer eye on the child, Tat, whin Oi'm out, moind that, now! And don't let him be scamin' himself into convulsions!"—(2). Mr. Rooney. "Och! Cornalins, he alsy wid ye! What signifies makin' that ruction? Shure, Oi'm not thinkin' av bringin' yez up as a stame whistle!"—(3). "Begor! Bridget toul me to sing to the cratur if he woke up. Shure, Oi'll give him 'Boyne Wather,' and 'The Wearin' o' the Green.' Listen here, Corney! 'Oh, the Wearin' o' the green,'" etc.—(4). "The devil's in ye for a little leprecaun Orangeman, that

ye'll not listen to pathrotic songs at all, at all!"—(5). "Faix! Oi'll see if the spalpane's thirsty. Begor! he lings on loike a horse-lach! How'll Oi convey nourishment to him at all widout his fadin'-bottle?"—(6). Mrs. Rooney. "Haulv St. Pather! what have ye given the child?" Mr. Rooney. "Och! shure it's a little invintion av me own. Nothin' but a simple poipe-shtem inserted in the neck av a bottle av proime whisky! and, begorra, the swate little treasure takes to it loike a thrue Rooney as he is! Look at him, darlin'—look at him!"

ONE AS KNOWS.



"Look 'ere, Bill, them furrineerin' chaps are eatin' us out of 'ouse and 'ome. If they haven't started the telephone at the Post Office to bring over a lot of boy messers from Paris now."

THE CENSUS.



"Well, Sophia, now I've got to give your age; what shall we say? Twenty-eight, eh? How would that suit you?"
 "Oh, no, Charles: let's be truthful—thirty-one!"